

Daughter of the Rain

Jota Te

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Summary

1. Daughter of the Rain

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Description:

Every legend has a humble beginning, and Burmecia's finest dragoon is no exception. A short story about Freya's childhood antics. Set within The Last Cherry Blossom's timeline.

1. Daughter of the Rain

“Stay sharp, team, we’re deep into dragon territory now!”

“What? I thought we were hunting basilisks!”

“D-dragons..?! *Nooo!* Please, anything but dragons!”

“*Shhhhh!* Do you want them to hear us, Sir Dan? They could be stalking us right now!”

“Sorry, Frey—”

Freya folded her arms and cleared her throat. The boy sighed.

“... Lady Freya of Burmecia,” he added in an annoyed monotone. “... ma’am.”

“Much better!” the girl chirped. “Now let’s go, we must capture one before nightfall or the king will be *very* displeased!”

“Then he should do it himself!” the third kid riposted. “Those things are *dangerous!*”

“That’s why he sent us, Doyle! We’re dragoons, the *best of the best*, and only we can keep Burmecia safe from those beasts!” Freya proudly declared. Her ears perked up and she turned around, looking for something.

“Um, Lady Freya of Burmecia? What are you..?”

“*Shhh!*” she hissed, readying her broomstick ‘*javelin*’. “There’s one nearby... I can hear it... follow me!”

The girl rushed down the street, leaving her friends wondering what was she up to this time. Dan and Doyle exchanged confused looks, shrugged and started chasing after her under the rain.

“There you have it, gentlemen, a *magnificent* specimen!” Freya whispered, hiding behind a barrel. “Just look at the size of its wings... I bet they can create *tornadoes* with a single flap!”

“Are dragons supposed to have pink fur?” Doyle asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Or a pom-pom?” Dan added.

“It must be part of a rare, legendary sub-species!” Freya theorized without breaking character. “I know! It’s an *Adorablus Terriblis*! Yes... I’ve read about them in an ancient bestiary!”

“Doesn’t look that ‘*terriblis*’ to me,” Doyle stated.

“Don’t get fooled by its fluffiness, soldier!” the girl scolded him. “That’s what it wants! You lower your guard to pet it and then **BOOM!** *Chow time.*”

“*Boom..?*” Dan repeated, a little confused.

“I think that’s the sound they make when they flatten you with the pom-pom...” Doyle whispered in his ear.

“Oohhh...”

“Shut it! Here it comes!”

Dragging her feet and drenched in goop, the ‘*dragon*’ approached the city gate.

“Hi, Meg! How was the gig?” the guard greeted her, letting her through only to immediately regret it. “Oh *gods*, what’s that smell?”

“Why thanks, Erik!” the moogle spat. “You sure know how to treat a lady, kupo.”

“Sorry, it’s just... *is that chocobo shi-?*”

“Yup.”

“*Man*, I can even tell the *color* of the bird...” the soldier croaked, covering his nose.

“Well, I hope you get kicked by one, kupo,” the critter grumbled as she stomped down the cobbled street... as much as a moogle could stomp, anyway.

“*Dang it!* The beast has tricked the guard into letting it in!” Freya said, readying her broomstick. “Our kingdom is in danger! Charge!”

Dan and Doyle exchanged alarmed looks as the little Burmecian vaulted over the barrel, screaming like a banshee.

“*What the kupo?!*” the moogle squeaked, startled by the yelling. “Oh, it’s you again.”

“You won’t get away this time!” Freya exclaimed as she leaped to catch Meg.

“Wanna bet, kupo?” she answered with a mischievous smirk, fluttering out of reach at the last second.

“Aw, shucks...”

BLAM!

“Oh, no!” Meg uttered, horrified, as she rushed to Freya’s aid. “Are you okay, kupo?”

“Ow...” the girl croaked; she had knocked over a fruit container and was now half-buried under a small mountain of apples.

“Don’t just stand there gawking, kupo! Help me!” Meg squawked. Dan and Doyle obeyed and together they pulled their friend out of the fruit pile by her ankles.

“Sorry, kid... guess I got a little carried away,” the moogle apologized to a still dizzy Freya. “Geez, that’s gonna leave a bruise, kupo...”

“Meh... occupational hazard,” the girl replied, nonchalantly shrugging her shoulders. “You’re a skilled opponent, Meg, but I’ll get you one day.”

“Not gonna happen, kupo,” the fluffy critter riposted with a smug smirk.

“Ew... why do you smell like poo-?”

Meg cut her short with a withering glare.

“Maybe I *should* have let you catch me, kupo...”

“Hey! What the hell are you doing with my wares, you rascals?!” the grocery store owner barked, drawn outside by the ruckus.

“*Grand dragon!*” Dan and Doyle screamed in terror.

“It’s an ambush! Retreat, retreat!” Freya yelled, and the four friends fled down the street with the merchant in hot pursuit.

Author’s note:

Hi everyone and welcome (back) to Gaia! This fic is set within the same continuity as “The Last Cherry Blossom”, but don’t worry, reading TLCB is not required to understand it (though you’re more than welcome to go check it out, hahaha).

Happy reading!

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